Certainly I have had many friends outside the theatre, but I have had very little time to see them,

I have had many homes, but I have had very little time TO live In them!

When I am not acting, the best part of my time is taken up by the most humdrum occupations. Dealing with my correspondence, even with the help of a secretary, is no insignificant work. The letters, chiefly consisting of requests for ray autograph, or appeals to my charity, have to be answered. I have often been advised to ignore them—surely a course that would be both bad policy and bad taste on the part of a servant of the public. It would be unkind, too, to those ignorant of my busy life and the calls ppoii my time.

Still, I sometimes wish that the cost of a postage stamp were a sovereign at least I

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In 1887, the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, I find that I wrote in my diary :—[u] I am not yet forty, but arn pretty well worn out/[1]

It is twenty years since then, and I am still not worn out. Wonderful 1

THE DEATH OF HENRY IRVING

It is commonly known, I think, that Henry living's health first began to fail in 1896.

He went home to Grafton Street after the first night of the revival of " Richard III." and slipped on the stairs, injuring his knee. With characteristic fortitude, he struggled to his ieet unassisted and walked to his room. This made the consequences of the accident

far more serious, and he was not able to act for weeks.

It was a bad year at the Lyceum.